

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL XIX.—NO. 218.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1879.—Six Pages.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertising Contracts made by the "Sentinel" are conditioned upon this paper having a larger circulation than all the other English Dailies of the city combined.

HALF-CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements in this column, such as Wanted, Lost, Found, For Sale, To Rent, Exchange, Personal, etc., will be printed at one-half cent per word, each insertion. A week's advertisement, however, will be charged at the regular rate. For the largest circulation, and the lowest rate, make the advertisement in this column.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

C. A. HAYS, lawyer, over postoffice.

BUSINESS CHANCE.

BUSINESS CHANCE—An established grocery and provision store for sale in this city. Stock will invoice about \$15,000. Will exchange for other property. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR EXCHANGE.

FOR EXCHANGE—A good improved farm in southeastern Kansas, for city property. Might pay some difference. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR EXCHANGE—Improved farm of 20 acres, near Columbia City, for house and lot. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR EXCHANGE—Forty acres near St. Joseph, gravel road, for house and lot. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—The elegant store room corner of Broadway and Washington. French plate front room, 25x50 feet, or I will run a plastered partition through the room, making two rooms. This is the best location in Fort Wayne for a successful Dry Goods, Grocery or Drug Store. Also, store rooms, 10x10, 10x12, 10x14, 10x16, 10x18, 10x20, 10x22, 10x24, 10x26, 10x28, 10x30, 10x32, 10x34, 10x36, 10x38, 10x40, 10x42, 10x44, 10x46, 10x48, 10x50, 10x52, 10x54, 10x56, 10x58, 10x60, 10x62, 10x64, 10x66, 10x68, 10x70, 10x72, 10x74, 10x76, 10x78, 10x80, 10x82, 10x84, 10x86, 10x88, 10x90, 10x92, 10x94, 10x96, 10x98, 10x100. For further particulars apply to T. B. EMPIRE, Agent, 702 Calhoun street, or 261 Broadway, Fort Wayne.

FOR RENT—The two-story frame dwelling on Maple avenue west of Broadway, adjoining Mrs. Judge Fay on the east, eight rooms, good cellar, well, cistern and bath, a large amount of small fruit, excellent grapes, superb plum, apple, etc. C. SCHRAEDER, agent, 22 West Berry street.

FOR RENT—One of the finest business rooms in Fort Wayne, and splendidly adapted and well located. A first-class milliard hall and saloon. This is a rare opportunity for a live man wishing to engage in this business. For further particulars address N. SEVENING, office.

FOR RENT—The Palace of Fashion Academy of Music. Apply at the SENTINEL office.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Cheap, a splendid bargain. A new house just completed, on South Broadway, not far from street cars, a convenient lot, the Wabash and Pittsburgh shops have front porch, five rooms, several large closets, good cellar, cistern, well, wood house and out-buildings all complete. Terms easy, monthly payments if desired. A rare chance for good home. Inquire of C. C. HUNTER, FISHER & TONS, 920 Broadway, or S. C. LUMBAR, 721

FOR SALE—At less than half price, one hundred lots in Hamilton's addition, between Lafayette and Calhoun streets, away from the railroads, atmosphere, canal and river. Prices range from \$350 upwards, on easy payments and big discounts for all cash. Call on my office to see plat and price list. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—Bakery and confectionery situated in central part of city; rent moderate; a good stand for business; good reason for selling out. For further particulars inquire at SENTINEL office.

FOR SALE—Valuable woolen mill and machinery; rent \$2,000; price only \$10,000; will exchange for other property. A rare business chance. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—A very elegant and commodious residence on West Wayne street, worth \$5,000, price \$6,500. Very cheap. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—House and full lot on West Washington street, near Broadway, worth \$3,000, price only \$2,000, on easy terms. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—The Apple at Mad Anthony Park will be sold to the highest bidder. Inquire of C. GOEDEL or R. WAGNER No. 7 East Main street.

FOR SALE—Furniture and chair stuff factory. Cost \$9,000, price \$2,000. A splendid business chance. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—Corner business lot in heart of city, worth \$2,000, price only \$1,200. ISAAC D'ISAY, 62 Calhoun street.

FOR SALE—An established business of four years, out \$500 capital required. Address JAMES D. SEITZ, office. 841

FOR SALE—Full set of shoe shop tools and fixtures. Apply, T. LORRER.

FOR SALE—Old papers in packages of 10, 50 and 100 at the SENTINEL office.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A farm of 40 acres 3 miles out on Plank road. Inquire at 228 East Jefferson street.

FOR SALE OR LEASE.

FOR SALE OR LEASE—The Mistletoe (unoccupied) one of the finest residences in the city. Inquire at 841, PETE & MAX'S. Will trade for property.

LOST.

LOST—A small cheap memorandum book, containing a map and some memoranda of value to the owner but of no value to anybody else. Leaving competition will be made by leaving it at this office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HERMAN A. CHANCE, THAT IS A CHANCE—A 72x200 lot within 7 blocks of the Wabash shops, for sale on the following terms: 6 percent interest on the purchase price for one and two years—afterwards the principal in three equal annual installments; the first year three years to build a house and pay for it before your first payment comes due on the lot, and no city taxes. G. L. BITTINGER, 91 Calhoun street.

I WILL sell within the next 6 days one of the complete brick residences (for the money) in the city of Fort Wayne. This property is near the business center. Elegantly finished from cellar to garret. Well, cistern, summer-house, barn, woodshed, fruit trees, shrubbery, etc. all complete for \$1,500. G. L. BITTINGER, 91 Calhoun street.

I HAVE a dozen or more cash buyers for small properties. Some that will buy making small cash payment and balance in monthly installments, and some paying one-third and one-half cash, and balance on time. Persons wishing to sell should apply to me at once to get the best price for their applications. G. L. BITTINGER, 91 Calhoun street.

REMOVED—Madame Rosa Kroeninger has removed to second door from Calhoun on the north side of East Wayne street, near the business center. She has removed, present and future, and is prepared to receive all her friends.

BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN—2 lots at \$30 each, with stately forest trees on them; worth double the money; situated on the highest ground south of the Pittsburgh shops. G. L. BITTINGER, 91 Calhoun street.

BILL POSTING—All wanting bill posting or distributing done will leave orders at the SENTINEL office, which will be promptly attended to. Railroad and excursion work a specialty.

2 HOUSES AND LOTS—on Fairfield avenue and one on Holman street, all in first-class order for trade for a good farm. G. L. BITTINGER, 91 Calhoun street.

BUSINESS LOT on Harrison street. Brick walls already built. Must be sold. Come and give me an offer. G. L. BITTINGER, 91 Calhoun street.

MONEY to loan. G. L. BITTINGER, 91 Calhoun street.

WANTED.

WANTED—A good porter, one that is about, to handle baggage and do general work about the house; he must be steady and honest. To such one I will pay \$15 per month and he can make \$15 extra. No objection to color. Apply to Kirtley House, Warsaw, Ind.

WANTED—A young druggist with three or four years' experience, can make employment for six months. For particulars apply at 200 Calhoun street.

WANTED—To rent a house containing five or six rooms in an agreeable location. Possession wanted in ten days. Address N. C. this office.

WANTED—A first class solicitor. Must have experience and be a sober man. References required. Call at the SENTINEL office.

WANTED—Situation as sewing girl in private home. Apply at 153 West Main street.

WANTED—A girl to do general housework; recommendation required. 13 Clinton street.

WANTED—Boarders, at 96 East Wayne. Only two doors from street cars. 98c.

WANTED—Boarders at 89 West Jefferson street.

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Yellow Fever Notes.

Twenty-one cases were reported at Memphis Friday, ten white and eleven colored. A telegram to the national board of health reports five new cases of yellow fever at Morgan City, and two mild cases in the infected district of New Orleans.

DONATIONS.

The following telegrams were received to-day:

To W. J. Smith, New York, Sept. 12, 1879. Draw at sight for \$1,000 for benefit of the Howard Association. (Signed) J. C. McCLURE, Treasurer Pittsburgh Relief Society.

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From Yesterday's Last Edition.

POLITICAL.

The Convention Nominates Gen. Butler for Governor.

John T. Hoffman Resigns as Tammany Sachem and Will Support Robinson.

HOFFMAN'S ACTION.

New York, Sept. 12.—Ex-Governor John Hoffman, has resigned the office of Sachem of Tammany society, and says he will support the Robinson state ticket.

MASSACHUSETTS GREENBACKERS.

Boston, Sept. 11.—The state convention of the national greenback labor party, assembled at Faneuil Hall, to-day. There was some delay in calling the convention to order, owing to a dispute in the session of the state central committee caused, it was asserted, by the Boston city committee selling out the party to the democrats.

MARRIED MISERY.

Two Interesting Trials in the Superior Court.

HUGENARD VS. HUGENARD.

In the case of Julia Huguenard vs. Augustus Huguenard the evidence disclosed a fine state of affairs. For the first few months their marital relations were of the pleasantest kind, but after the honeymoon "had gone glimmering" the deuce was to pay. On Christmas eve he gave her—not a pretty red rose—but a bootjack, and his manner of presenting was a great deal more forcible than elegant.

She now wears a scar where the bridal wreath was wont to be. As a variation from the usual existence of things, he would jump her up against the wall, and she would apply to him the most endearing terms found in her vocabulary, such as s—n of a b—, etc. Once she threw a fork at him with all the dexterity of a Japanese juggler, and it struck him in the face. He in consequence was compelled to use no little knowledge of surgical skill to get her out.

He kicked her so hard that she had to take her meals from the mantelpiece for two or three days. She was afraid of getting his jugular vein severed, hence the application. Divorce granted to plaintiff, and petitioner awarded alimony in the sum of \$150.

KEY VS. KEY.

In the case of Clayton H. Key vs. Eunice B. Key, proof was introduced showing that the defendant was in the habit of taking rides by moonlight and walks by starlight, and that when neither were apparent she would have gentlemen call at the house, or at least they called, and while the evening shadows fell they would hold sweet communion or sport to that effect. That she didn't love her husband any more, and would throw up her hands like an old prize fighter and "daste" him. Finally when she couldn't to anything else, like the Arabs, she stole away.

A divorce was granted to petitioner.

The Water Works.

The following is a summary of the water works bids thus far awarded:

Pipe, pipe-laying, etc. \$125,300 70

Hydrants, 10,100 00

Special estimate, 2,840 50

Total, 138,240 20

J. D. Cook's estimate, 140,780 00

Bids less estimate, 6,539 80

Marriage Licenses.

Whitney B. McDermut and Fanny Morris.

Henry Knoose and Cora A. Skinner.

HANNIBAL & ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD COMPANY.

Office of General Passenger Agent.

HANNIBAL, Mo., June 28, 1879.

From and to Fort Wayne, Ind. June 28, 1879.

Our Express Passenger Trains will run as follows:

EASTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 4 No. 2 D Except Daily, Sunday

KANSAS CITY, Leave 7:00 PM 6:15 A

ATCHISON, " 6:45 6:00

ST. JOSEPH, " 6:10 5:25

HANNIBAL, " 5:55 5:10

QUINCY, " 5:40 4:55

WESTWARD.

STATIONS. No. 3 No. 1 D Except Daily, Sunday

QUIN

THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide Circulation of Any Daily Paper in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Advertisers and Others are Invited to Call at this Office and Verify this Assertion.

THE TWO BURGERS.

Over the deep sea came flying;
Over the salt sea Love flew high;
Alas, O Love, for thy journeying
Through the light and sound of thunder,
When one wave lifts and one falls under,
Love flew as a bird flies straight for
warm springs.

Love reached the Northland, and found
his own;
With bubbling roses, and roses blown,
And wonderful lilies, he wove their
wealth.

His voice was sweet as a tune that wells,
Gathers and thunders, and throbs and
swells,
And 'tis and lapses in rapturous death,
His hands divide the tangled boughs,
They sat and loved in a moist green house,
With bird-songs and sunbeams flitting
through;

One note of wind to each least lily leaf;
O Love, those days they were sweet
and brief;
Sweet as the roses, and fleet as the dew.

Over the deep sea Death came flying;
Over the salt sea Death flew high;
Love heard from afar the rush of his
wings,
Felt the blast of them over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
And wept for a sound of disastrous
things.

Death reached the Northland, and claimed
his own;
With pale sweet flowers by wet winds
blown,
He wove for the forehead of one a wreath,
His voice was sad as the wind that sighs
Through cypress trees under misty skies,
When the dead leaves drift on the paths
beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs,
One Love he bore to a dark deep house,
Where never a bridegroom may clasp
his bride.

A place of silence, of dust, and sleep,
What light there shall the loved one keep,
Or what cry of longing the lips divide?
—Philip Bourke Marston, in *Harper's Magazine* for October.

MADCAP VIOLET.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Yes," said he, "you always disgust people by giving them good advice; but you wouldn't have us give you bad advice, Violet? Now, you will be a reasonable young lady; and by to-morrow morning you will see that we have acted all round in a highly decorous and proper fashion; and if you try to gain Miss Main's good conduct prize this season, I will assist you to put you down a hundred marks on account of certain circumstances that have come to my knowledge, though I can't reveal them. That is settled; it is not now? So your father has come back to London: I see he was in a deputation at the Home Office yesterday. How tired he must be of railways! or does he languish when he has to stop in town three days running? Do you know, I once heard of a boatman at Brighton—one of those short and stout men who pass their lives in leaning over the railings of the Parade—and somebody went and died and left him a public-house in the Clapham Road. You would think that was a great advance in life? I tell you he became the most miserable of men. He got no rest; he moved about uneasily; and at last, when the place was killing him, he happened to put up a wooden railing in front of the public-house just where the horses used to come and drink at the trough, and quite by accident he found it was a capital place to put his elbow on and lean over. I declare to you he hadn't lounged on that railing twenty minutes when all the old satisfaction with life returned to his face; and any day you'll see him lounging there now, looking at the horses drinking. That shows you what custom does, doesn't it?"

Of course, there was no such thing—no such boatman or public-house in the Clapham Road; but it was a peculiarity of this talker that when once he had imagined an anecdote he himself almost took it to be true. He did not mean to deceive his listener. If this thing had not happened, how did he know of it? The creations of his fancy took the place of actual experience. His sister never could tell whether he had really seen certain things during his morning's walk, or only imagined them and stuck them in his memory all the same.

It was a fine, quiet evening up here among the green foliage of the spring. It was a gray twilight, with a scent of the lilacs in the cool air; and the mighty chestnut-trees, the spiked blossoms of which looked pale in the fading light, seemed to be holding these up as spectral lamps to light the coming dusk. It was still a calm, peaceable evening; but even the unobservant Mr. Drummond could remark that his companion was not at all attuned to this gentle serenity. Her moodily silence was ominous.

"You will come round and see us to-morrow afternoon?" said he.

"I am not sure," she said, with her hand on the open door.

"Now be a sensible girl, Violet, and believe me that we have given you good advice. Don't forget what I said to you; and come up to-morrow evening to show me that we are all still good friends."

So Mr. Drummond walked away up the hill again, whistling absently; one hand in his trousers-pocket; his hat rather on the back of his head; and an unusual gravity of thoughtfulness in his face. Miss Violet, on the other hand, went indoors, and up to her own room. She was the only boarder in the place who had a room North had insisted.

She threw open the window, and sat down: far below her they had lighted a street-lamp, and there was a curious light shining on the lower branches of the chestnuts. The sound of one or two people walking in the distance seemed to increase the still-

ness of the night; and one would not have been surprised to find the first faint glimmer of a star in the darkening heavens.

Peace enough without, but a fierce fire within.

"They have done it now," she was saying to herself. "Yes, they have done it. I gave them the chance, and wished to be as proper in my conduct as any body could be; but now they have driven me to something very different. I don't want to see him—I dare say I shall hate him when I see him; but I will see him—and I will write letters to him till two in the morning; and if they won't let me make friends in the ordinary way, I will make friends for myself in some other way. And that is what they have done!"

So the wild winds of folly and anger and unreason blow this way and that, that the gods may have their sport of us!

CHAPTER V.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

A sudden change came over the tone and style of Violet North's novel. It had opened in a gentle and idyllic mood, dealing with the aspirations of noble souls and the paths of lovers' bantings; it was now filled with gloom, revenge, and detestation of the world. The following brief extract may suffice to show the artist's second manner, and has other significance as well.

"When we bid farewell to Virginia Northbrook in a previous chapter, she had been up to that moment supported by the companionship of one of the noblest of men; but now when she turned away, with the wild tears glittering in her eyes, she felt, alas! what a bitter mockery the world was, and her young and ardent nature was shocked and wounded by the cruel selfishness of her fellow-creatures. All around her was gloom. No longer did the cheerful sun light up the emerald meadows of D— Nature sympathized with her stricken heart; even the birds were silent, and stood respectfully aside to see this wretched girl pass. The landscape wore a sable garb, and the happy insects that flew about seemed to be crushed with the dread of an impending storm."

"For why should the truth be concealed? That cruel parting which we have described was wholly unnecessary; it was the result of malice and selfishness on the part of those who ought to have known better; they had determined to separate our two lovers; and their cunning wiles had succeeded. Alas! when will the heart be so easily led? There is something nobler and higher than the love of Mammon and the hypocritical gloss which they call, forsooth, respectability? Why should not two young hearts fulfill their destiny? Why should they be torn asunder and cast bleeding into an abyss of misery, where hope is extinguished, and the soul left a prey to the most horrible horrors?"

"But the present writer must guard himself against being misunderstood in describing Virginia Northbrook's desolate condition. She was alone, and the cold world was against her; but did she succumb? No! Her spirit was of firmer mettle. It was a singular point in the character of our heroine that whereas, with kindness she was as docile as a lamb—and most grateful to those who were kind to her—cruelty drove her into desperation. When she parted from Gilbert, and took her way home to C— G—, her soul was more dauntless than ever. 'Do you think they have come?' she cried aloud, while a wild smile broke over her features. 'No; they will learn that within this outward semblance of a girl there is the daring of a woman!'

"Poor misguided creature, she was deceiving herself. She was no longer a woman—but a fiend! Despair and cruelty had driven her to this. Was it not sad to see this innocent brow plotting deadly schemes of revenge on those who had parted her from her lover, in deference to the idle prejudices of an indifferent world?"

"Yes, reader; you will judge as to whether she was or was not justified; and, oh! I appeal to you to be merciful, and take into consideration what you were at her age. We will reserve for another chapter a description of that plot which Virginia invented, together with the manner in which she carried it out."

At this point of her imaginary life, there occurred a considerable hiatus; for her real life became more full of immediate and pressing interest. Violet North disposed of Virginia Northbrook. The details of the plot mentioned above must be put in, therefore, by another and less romantic hand.

First of all, this proud, willful, impetuous and mischief-loving girl suddenly showed herself obedient, attentive to her school duties, and most clearly respectful and courteous to the chief mistress. Miss Main was at first puzzled and suspicious; then she was overjoyed.

"Perhaps," she said to the German master, "it is only to spite Miss Wolf that she means to take the good-conduct prize, as she took the French and German last term; but if she makes up her mind to it, she will do it."

Then all the girls understood that Violet North meant to have the good-conduct prize; and they, too, knew she must have it if she seriously meant to gain it.

Two or three days after this abrupt reformation, Miss Main said to the girl, in a kindly way,

"Miss North, why don't you go up to Mrs. Warren's, as you used to do? Amy has not told me they were from home."

"No, Miss Main," said the girl, with great respect, "they are at home. But when I go up there, it seems a pity I should have to trouble Mr. Drummond to come back again with me. It is such a short distance; he must think me very timid or foolish."

"Oh, I am sure," said the school-mistress, "that need not bother you. The distance is very short indeed. You might easily run down here by yourself."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss North, very calmly. "That is very kind of you, Miss Main; for one does not like to be a trouble to one's friends."

There was less of calm respectfulness

—there was, on the contrary, a proud and defiant determination—on her face when she went up-stairs to her own room. There she sat down and wrote out three copies of the following mysterious announcement:

"Violet—Je G. M. ever about Champion Hill at five p. m. V. would like to apologize for rudeness."

She mist have contemplated beforehand sending these advertisements; for she was already supplied with postage-stamps for the purpose.

It was on the third day after this that Miss North met Mr. George Miller; and their place of meeting was the Champion Hill mentioned above.

"How odd you should have seen the advertisement," said she, frankly going forward to him. There was no sort of embarrassment in her manner.

"What advertisement?" said he, amazed.

"Oh," she said, quickly altering her tone, "it was nothing—a mere trifle. I thought I had been rather rude to you; and I wished to apologize. So I put a line in the papers. Now I have apologized to you—"

"Yes," said he, rather puzzled.

"Well, there's no more to be said—is there?" she remarked.

"Do you mean that you wish to bid me good-bye?" said he, rather stiffly. He considered that this young lady's manner of treating him was just a rife too dictatorial.

"Oh, I don't care," she said, indifferently. "What were you coming about here, for, if you did not see the advertisement?"

"I thought I might see you."

She smiled deliberately. "At the head of the school?"

"Any way. Even that would be better than nothing," said he; for she was very pretty, and he lost his head for the moment.

"Well," she said, with a burst of good-nature, "since I'm not at the head of the school, I will walk down with you to the foot of Green Lane. I suppose you are going home."

"Yes," said he, doubtfully. "I wanted to tell you something, if there was an opportunity."

"Pleasant, or not? If not, don't let us have it, please; I have enough of worry."

"You—worry?" said he, with a laugh. "You talk as if you were a woman of thirty. And, indeed, I think all this farce of keeping you at home, or in some one's house, where you would meet people and be allowed to make friends—instead of slipping out like this, and probably getting us both into trouble."

"I know," she said, shortly. "What was it you were going to tell me?"

"I have found out a man I know in the city who knows Mr. Drummond," said he, "and he proposes to introduce us to each other—in an accidental way, you understand. Now, will that satisfy you?"

"Satisfy me?" she said, turning her proud, black eyes on him with an air of surprise. "Have I been anxious to be satisfied?"

"I did not say you were," said he, testily. "You seem bent on a quarrel."

"Oh, no, I'm not," she answered, with one of those quick smiles that could disarm even the awful anger of an out-raged school-mistress. "But you must always bear in mind, if you wish to see me at all, that the wish is on your side. As for me—well, I have no objection."

"You are very proud."

"No; only frank."

"Well, about Mr. Drummond—won't that satisfy every body? I have been introduced to that lady—I have his name."

"Warner?"

"Then I shall make his acquaintance; and if he is a friendly sort of man, I will ask him to dine with me; and very likely he will do the same by me; and I am sure to meet you at his house. Now, is that all right?"

"No, all wrong," she said, with a charming smile. "They won't have any thing to do with you."

"Did you tell them?" said he, with sudden alarm.

"Oh, yes," she remarked, speaking very distinctly. "I told them that I accidentally made your acquaintance; that you seemed to wish to continue it; and that, if they chose, they could be friendly and take you under their charge."

"And what did they say?"

"They refused—too much responsibility."

"Then what do you mean to do?"

"I mean," she said, with a bright laugh, "I mean to walk down to the foot of Green Lane with you, and then go back to the school. Is not that good-nature enough for one day?"

"And after that—are we to consider our acquaintance at an end?"

"As you please," said she.

"Do you mean that you propose to continue this hide-and-seek way of meeting—this slinking round corners so as to avoid being caught? Of course, it is very romantic, but at the same time—"

"At the same time," said she, with a clear emphasis which rather startled him, "I mean to say a word to you that you must not forget. I can not allow you to assume for a moment that I care a half-penny whether I meet you or whether I don't. Do you think I wish to play at hide-and-seek? Now please don't talk like that again."

"Well," said he, rather humbly, "I no sooner propose one way of putting an end to this state of things than you immediately say it is of no use, and send me back to the same way. Perhaps you could tell me another?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said she, with great cheerfulness. "Why should we ever meet again anywhere or anyhow? Would not that solve the difficulty?"

"Very well!" said he, driven to anger by her indifference and audacious light-heartedness. "It is better so. Good-bye!"

He held out his hand.

"And I am not to go down to the foot of the lane?" said he, with mock heroic sadness. "Ah, well! good-bye!"

"You know perfectly," said he, relenting, "that I am anxious we should remain friends. And what is the use of your being so very—so very—independent?"

"Then I am to go down to the foot

of the lane?" said she, with charming simplicity.

He burst out laughing.

"Well," said he, "I think you are the most willful creature I ever met. But you will get cured of all these whims and airs of yours some day."

"And what will cure me, pray?" said she, with sweet resignation.

"I don't know; but somebody will have to do it."

By this time they were going down the steep lane; the young green of the hawthorn hedge on each side of them shining in the clear spring sunlight; the low-lying meadows and trees of Dulwich far below them, and softened over with a silver-gray mist. In a few minutes more they would part at the foot of the hill; but there was no great premonitory sadness on her frank, young, handsome face.

"What is amusing you?" said he, noticing a sort of demure laugh under the beautiful dark eyelashes.

"Only the poor invention that men have," said she. "You are quite cast down because your scheme of being introduced to Mr. Drummond won't do. Why a woman could get fifty schemes!"

"Then, give me one!" said he.

"I am only a girl. Besides—how often must I tell you—it is not my place to do. But I was thinking to how easily I could meet you if I liked—not for a few minutes, but a long time."

"Could you?" said he, eagerly.

"Could you—could you get enough time to come for a long walk, or a drive?"

"I could get away for a whole day!" she said, boldly; but she added, quickly, "if I wished it."

"Then, won't you wish it?" said he. "Look what a splendid drive we could have just now—the best time of the year; and I would try to get some lady I know to come for you."

"Oh, no, thank you," she said. "I have had enough of introductions, and relatives and friends, and asking obligations. If I went out for this whole day it would be to show them how little they can control me if I take it into my head not to be controlled. As for going with you, I think I would rather go with any body else; only there would be no mischief in going with any body else."

The declaration was frank, but not complimentary; the short time he had known this young lady she had just enough to make him wish she had just a little less plainness of speech.

"Well, will you do it?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I will," she answered, with a frankness that took him by surprise. She had to recall all her imaginary wrongs to nerve her for this decision.

"When?"

"Next Tuesday."

"And where shall I meet you?"

"Oh, you must drive up to Miss Main's for me, and come into the hall, and send a message."

He looked so horror-stricken that she nearly laughed; but she maintained a business-like air.

"Yes," she said, "is there any thing more simple?"

"Surely you are joking! Do you mean to say that Miss Main would allow you to go out driving with me?"

"Yes, I do; what is more, she will probably offer you a glass of sherry and a biscuit before leaving. If you take the sherry, it will give you a headache."

"Of course not," she said, with good-natured indulgence. "I told you that gentlemen were poor in invention. But you take the sherry away for a day!"

"Certainly," said North, "I will show people how little they know the determination—but I needn't speak about that. Well, here we are at the foot of the hill; good-bye!"

She held out her hand carelessly.

"I must walk back with you."

"No; a compact's a compact."

"Then I am to bring a carriage for you next Tuesday morning, and come right up to the door, and ask for Miss North? Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all—half-past eleven."

Mr. George Miller walked away in great perplexity. He had a notion that this wild girl had a great fondness for practical jokes. Might she not be awaiting him at the window, along with her school-fellows, to receive him with jeers?

But, then, he reflected, she was not likely to play any such notorious prank just after her narrow escape from expulsion. He took it for granted that she was safe from ridicule; which is always a young man's first thought—and then came the question as to the other risks he ran. This was no very safe project—to take a school-girl away for a day's drive, even though he could plead that she made at least one effort to introduce him to her friends, and that he had made several to her hands. She felt unequal at the moment to continue her novel, for the details of the dark plot that had been invented by Virginia Northbrook wanted deep consideration. But she had something on her mind; and she came to the resolution to put that down on paper, and subsequently to slip it into the story whenever she got a chance. Here is the passage in question, written with some appearance of haste.

"Virginia Northbrook hated deception; she positively loathed and abominated it. The present writer has never in all his life met with a human being who was as anxious as this girl

to have a clear and shining candor illuminating her soul. And why? gentle reader, because she had inherited a heritage of pride—a fatal legacy, perhaps, but it was hers; and her ambition was to be able to look any one in the face and say what she thought without concealment. And now find her compelled to stoop to subtleties. Happiness had gone from her mind; horrid suspicion had built its nest there; the cold indifference of the world had stung her into a passion of revenge. What recked she of the mad course she was pursuing, when, with a shout of demoniac laughter, she called out aloud in her own room, 'Vive la bagatelle!' Let us withdraw for a time from this sad scene. The day may come when we may behold our heroine rescued from the unjust tyranny of heartless friends, and the honorableness of her heart's thoughts demonstrated to the light of day. But in the mean time—alas, poor woman!"

Violet North was so much affected by the sorrows of her heroine that she was almost like to cry over them; although, oddly enough, her sentimental grief seemed to wander back to her father's refusal to take her with him to Canada.

CHAPTER VI.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

"Sarah, we must not leave that girl to herself," said James Drummond to his sister. He had put aside his wide-awake, and was engaged in brushing a far from shiny hat. "She is offended with us; she has not been here for some days. We shall incur a great responsibility if we let her go her own way."

"We shall incur a great responsibility if we interfere," said his sister, and then she rebuked herself for the selfishness of her speech. "Yes, I must go down to the school and see her. I am sure I wish she would go into school; she would be under the same discipline, and she would be under the same moral teaching and proper discipline. She is untamed—a wild animal almost—with some fine qualities in her; and yet I don't know what is to become of her."

"A convent," said Drummond, with a loud laugh. "She would turn the place into a pandemonium in a week. To think of it now! wouldn't it be delightful? Violet North in a convent! Fancy the scene of the quiet creatures when they discovered that had among them a whole legion of demons—as many as you see in St. Anthony's Temptation! I should like to have a peep into that convent occasionally if she were there. Well, you'll go down to her, Sarah. Don't preach at her; rather tell her not to make a fool of herself. Of course, she is only hurt and proud; she can not really care for this young—what's his name?"

"George Miller."

"And yet don't lecture her about the folly of a young girl falling in love, or the danger of it, and all that. She won't believe you—a girl will. You might as well expect to keep servants away from the sherry decanter by sticking a poison label on it. Don't try to frighten her; for there is nothing that girl will allow to frighten her."

Mr. Drummond put on his carefully brushed but not brilliant hat, and went out into the warm sunlight of this May morning. From the bright air which he stood he could see in the distance a low-lying mist of brown. That was the smoke of London city, into which he was about to plunge with no good grace.

And yet when his old college-chum Harding had forsaken the paths of learning and taken to tasting teas as a more profitable pursuit, happened to beg of him to come into the city and have lunch with him, he rarely refused. Harding lived a comfortable life of ease; and the two friends had but seldom an opportunity of seeing each other in the evening. On this last occasion Harding had been specially urgent in his invitation—"A friend of mine wants to be introduced to you," he had added.

Drummond called at the office in Mincing Lane, and his short, stout, brown-bearded friend put on his hat and came out.

"Who is the man?" said Drummond, carelessly, as they went along.

"Who wants to be introduced to you? Oh, a young fellow called Miller."

"George Miller?" said Drummond, suddenly stopping on the pavement, with a frown of vexation coming over his face.

"Yes. Do you know any thing of him?" said Harding, with surprise.

"Yes, I do. Did he tell you why he wished to be introduced to me?"

"No, he didn't."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Harding—it's—d—d impertinent of this fellow to ask me that!"

"My dear boy, what's the matter? You do know him? If you don't want to meet him, there's no reason why you should. We can have lunch with him somewhere. He asked me in an off-hand way if I knew you—asked to be introduced, and so forth. But there is no compulsion."

"On second thoughts, I will go with you," said Drummond, with sudden determination.

"I tell you, man, there is no compulsion. Let's go elsewhere."

"No, I want to be introduced to him."

"All right; the same as ever jumping round like a weather-cock, flying about like quicksilver."

They went into a spacious restaurant, where a large number of men, mostly with their hats on, were at table. Large platoons of fatherly water-far and nutron. Harding was known to many of them; as he passed, he encountered a running fire of pleasantries, which he returned in kind. This was an ordeal which Drummond, who had frequently been with his friend to the place, regarded with a mild wonder. There was no one more ready than himself for fun, for raillery, for sarcasm even of a friendly sort; but this sort of glibly wit, with no light or life in it but only a crackling of dry bones, rather puzzled him. Then he noticed that his friend was a trifle embarrassed in replying to it; apparently Harding had not got quite acclimated in the city. There was a certain hum of millinery and millinery in this sort of banter; but only

a trick of inversion, by which a man expressed his meaning by saying something directly the opposite—a patter, indeed, not much more intellectual than the jabbering of inarticulate apes. It should be added, however, that the young men were very young men.

"Miller hasn't come yet," said Harding. "What is the matter between you two?"

"Nothing. I never saw him. But I know why he wants to be introduced to me. What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, well, he is a nice enough young fellow, who has, unfortunately, got too much money in prospect, and consequently does nothing. But now, I believe he is going into business—his father means to buy him a partnership."

"But—but—what sort of fellow is he?"

"But—but—Drummond, who had no interest in the young man's commercial prospects."

"Well, he is fairly educated, as things go—much better educated than the idle sons of rich business men ordinarily are. He sometimes rather gives himself airs, as to his gentlemanly appearance, and instincts, and so forth; it strangers are too familiar with him in the billiard-room upstairs, where they generally have an afternoon pool going. He is inclined to look down on us poor devils who are in commerce; but that is natural in the son of a business man. He is free with his money—that is to say, he would give you a gorgeous banquet if he asked you to dinner; but it would take a clever fellow to sharp him out of a sixpence; and you don't catch him lending sovereigns to those hangers on about billiard-rooms, who are always ready to borrow, and never remember to pay. I think, on the whole, he is a good sort of fellow. I rather like him. You see, he is very young; and you can put up with a good deal in the way of crude opinion, and self-esteem, and all that, from a young man. . . . I suppose other people had a good deal to stand at our hands when we were of the same age."

"You don't think he would do any thing mean or dishonorable?"

"I think his own good opinion of himself would guard against that," said Harding, with a laugh. "Self-esteem, and not any very high notion of morality, keeps many a man from picking a pocket."

"And he does nothing at all? He has no particular occupation or hobby?"

"No; I think he is an idle, careless, good-natured sort of fellow. Not at all a fool, you know—very shrewd and keen. But what in all the world are you so anxious to know all about George Miller for?"

Drummond did not answer; he seemed to have encountered some difficulty in the outset that was before him. At length he said, without raising his eyes from the plate, and just as if he were naturally continuing the conversation,

"Well, Harding, I was thinking the most miserable people in this country are the lads and young men who are devoted by ambition; there are thousands and thousands of them, all hungering for the appreciation of the public, all anxious to have their stupendous abilities recognized at once. They can not rest until their book is published; until they have been allowed to play Hamlet in a London theatre; until they have had a chance of convincing judges, and, astonishing a jury. By Jove, if they only knew, wouldn't they be thankful for the obstacles that prevent their making fools of themselves! When they do rush into print prematurely, or get all their friends to witness their failure on the stage, what do they do but lay up in their memory something that will give them many a cold both in after-days! But I wonder which you should admire the more—the young fellow who is tortured with ambition, and would make a fool of himself if he were allowed; or the young fellow who is much more sensible—probably from a lack of imagination—and lives a happy and free-and-easy life? That is your friend Miller's case, isn't it? Now, don't you think that the young man who

There is no saying whether this speculation might not have led, had not Mr. Drummond been interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Miller himself. Mr. Drummond's quick, brilliant, observant eyes were instantly directed to the young man's face. It was a refined and handsome face. There was something pleasing in the modest blush which accompanied the simple ceremony of introduction. So far, the first impression was distinctly favorable; but Drummond remained silent, grave, and watchful, while the younger man chatted with Harding, and explained the reasons for his being late.

[To be continued.]

Miss Bertha Von Hillern, the Celebrated Prebsterian.—The only remedy used by her, after long and continued exertion, and in fact, during her marriage, is GILES' Liniment "Solide Ammonia." It not only relieves her relaxed muscles and joints, but gives her strength and endurance. Giles' Liniment cures Liver Complaint. Sold by all druggists.

I Wish Everybody to Know.

Rev. George H. Thayer, an old citizen of this vicinity, known to every one as a most influential citizen and Christian minister of the M. E. Church, just this moment stopped in our store to say: "I wish everybody to know that I consider that both the 'Lungs' and 'Liver' are the cause of the 'Consumption Cure.' It is having a tremendous sale over our counters, and is giving perfect satisfaction in all cases of lung diseases, such as nothing else has done."

DRS. MATCHETT & FRANCE.

Bourbon, Ind., May 15, 1878.

Sold by Dreier & Bro.

No Deception Used.

It is strange so many people will continue to suffer day after day with dyspepsia, liver complaint, consumption, sour stomach, and general debility when they can procure at our store SHILOH'S VEGETABLE, free of cost if it does not cure or relieve them. Price, 75c. Sold by Dreier & Bro.

RAILROAD STORIES.

"My Murder," by a Telegraph Operator—A Train Dispatcher's Chase After a Freight Train.

MY MURDER.

(San Francisco Call.)

After all, we way station telegraph operators are not without our little bit of romance occasionally, and I think I can show that we are not without a certain amount of responsibility; but it is seldom, if ever, recognized, unless one of our number by carelessness plunges a train into destruction by failing to deliver or to understand orders.

The time of which I write was one pleasant afternoon in early autumn, the 23d day of September, 1876, and as the occurrence has made a deep and vivid impression upon my mind, I can not forget the day, which was Friday.

At that time I had been an agent and operator on the ——— railroad a little while over two months. The line was directly through some parts of Indiana and Illinois, and some of the stations had no telegraph office. Consequently, the order distance was somewhat lengthy, and there was but one office between mine and Cowan's, twelve miles west.

On this day I was quietly puffing my meerschaum, in the little bay window of my office, and wishing for something to relieve the monotony, when the operator at Cowan called the train dispatcher and said an engine had sprung her throttle, with 140 pounds of steam, and gone east, while the fireman had gone to lunch, and the engineer, who was sitting around, had no time to get on.

All was as still as death for a minute, when the dispatcher began to call G—, the only office between mine and Cowan's. For fully five minutes he called him, using the signal "23," which means death, but still no answer, and still the monotonous click of the armature. Presently he answered in a dazed, hurried manner, and when asked about the engine, said that it had passed there at a fearful rate of speed at 4:14 with no person visible.

It was only six miles more to me, and an excursion was on its way west with a heavy load of tired picnickers, and had actually left a station only eight miles east of me, the first telegraph office, at 4:02.

The dispatcher called me furiously, and being at hand and expectant, I answered him immediately. When he said, "Turn your switch and wreck engine No. 11 going east wild," I replied quickly, "I cannot without an indemnity order," and after a hasty consultation with the superintendent, as I afterward learned, he went ahead with an order, whose unusual form and wording roused many a lazy "bloss" sounder from a doze. It was like this:

To operator: Wreck engine No. 11 at your western switch gate to save collision. Company will defend and uphold you. D. R. B.

I immediately returned my "13" or "understanding" received my "correct at 4:18 p. m.," and turned to look for the engine, when, although the conversation between the dispatcher and myself had consumed but four minutes, I saw "F" coming at the grandest rate of speed I ever witnessed, and snatching my order I ran to the switch-gate, about 150 feet, and when I had unlocked and thrown the rail the roaring monster was only about 100 feet away. I had my watch in my hand, and stepping quickly back out of harm's way, when at exactly 4:20 she went over, and such an unearthly crash I hope I may never see or hear again.

The dirt and stones flew fifty feet in the air, the engine turned clear over and stopped on her side, pushing a splinter of the cab on her whistle valve, and there she lay, a seething, hissing, screeching mass of rubbish.

Just above the din and rattle I heard one wild, despairing shriek for help, and when I could get close enough to see anything I found what, had it not been for the fire, would never have been recognized as a man in the crushed and bleeding mass that lay under one huge driver; but the face was without a scar, and by that was recognized as an escaped madman, who, it seems, had climbed on the engine at Cowan unobserved and pulling the throttle open had started on a wild awful ride to the gate of death.

When the excursion train came up ten minutes later they say they found me standing by the engine gazing alternately at the bloody driver and at my written order, still tightly clasped in my hand.

I was unconscious of every thing save that I had obeyed orders and thereby taken a life. They say I fainted, but I knew nothing from the instant I discovered that white, bloodless face, until four days after, when I awakened apparently from a dream. My first question was, "Did the excursion get in safely?"

The coroner held an inquest as soon as I could be examined, and the verdict was: "We, the jury, find that Albert Long came to his death by being crushed beneath a locomotive, which was wrecked by J. L. A., an operator on the ——— railroad, according to the order of D. R. B., his superintendent and superior officer. And we find further that no blame can attach to said J. L. A., D. R. B., or the railroad company, as the engine was wrecked to save a heavily loaded excursion, and said Albert Long, being a madman, was on the engine in direct opposition to the company's order."

I have that order and a copy of the verdict in my diary side by side, where they shall always remain.

Often in my dreams I see an unrecognizable mass of quivering flesh and broken bones beneath the huge driver, and a white unscarred face presents itself to my gaze. A sudden shriek will almost escape me, and I am tempted to go where railroads are unknown, where the hissing and screeching can not reach me.

A THRILLING RACE.

(Cincinnati Times.)

"Did you read that railroad item in the Times, headed 'My Murder'?" asked a railroad man in a circle last night.

"You mean a clipping describing how a supposed runaway locomotive

was wrecked by a station agent under orders of the company's officers, and it was subsequently discovered that a madman was on the locomotive, and the cause of the runaway losing his life at the time?" inquired another person.

"Yes, the same," was the rejoinder. "I have heard that story before."

"I have heard that story before," remarked a third party, between sundry puffs of cigar smoke.

"It was quite exciting," said another railroad man. "I know of an accident that was far more exciting, however, and it happened on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad not many years ago. It came near costing a number of lives."

"What was that?" was the general inquiry; and then with one accord the circle closed up about the man who apparently had a "yarn to spin."

"It happened east of Chillicothe. You all know Bill Gallagher, passenger conductor on the M. & C. Yes, Well, that fellow has been in more accidents and shows fewer scratches than any man I ever saw. At the time I speak of he was conductor of a freight train on the M. & C. He had a lively train one night and the operator had orders to instruct Gallagher to side track it at the next station east of Chillicothe. The operator made a mistake, however, and the order Bill received sent him on a station further. The brass pounder soon found out that he had made a grave blunder, and one which might cost many lives. Upon making the discovery he became almost insensible from fright, and by his remarkable actions attracted the attention of every person near, among others, Charley Howard, the train dispatcher. He raved like a crazy man and no one could get anything out of him, except that he was the cause of some terrible calamity about to happen on the road. Charley Howard watched and listened to the man attentively for some minutes, and from his knowledge of the trains and running time, he guessed at the true state of affairs. The next station was called and the startling information learned that the freight train had passed there. The west bound passenger train was also found to be on time, and a terrible collision on the road seemed at the time inevitable.

"Charlie Howard proved the right man in the right place that time. An engine was hastily brought out and pressed into use. A red hot fire was soon causing the steam to angrily hiss from the valves. The throttle was pulled open and the engine sped away like a frightened race horse. Never was such time made on the rail before. The engine was urged on at a frightful rate of speed in the seemingly vain hope of overhauling Bill Gallagher's freight train. At last the object being chased could be seen a long ways ahead, and the steam whistle was called into use. Gallagher saw the engine bearing down upon him and heard the whistling, which he failed to understand. In some way he became impressed with the idea that another freight train was behind and rapidly approaching him. Relying on the telegraph orders he had received, and desiring to keep away from the supposed train behind him, he hurried his own train ahead. Thus it happened that a very ill-timed match commenced and promised to frustrate the plans of Charlie Howard. Gallagher's train was being pushed to its utmost speed, and the time consumed in shortening the distance between it and Charlie Howard's engine seemed painfully long to the pursuing parties. Steadily but surely, however, Gallagher was overhauled, but it was not until the signal engine touched the rear end of the freight train that the signal "down brakes" was understood. The train soon came to a stop, the situation was hurriedly explained, a signal was thrown out, and in a few minutes Bill Gallagher's freight was backing up with all the power that two engines could supply. Scarcely had the train commenced to back when the shrill whistle of the passenger train coming west was heard, in a few seconds the cars could be seen sweeping around the curve beyond at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. The signal thrown out stopped the train, and thus a terrible disaster was prevented. Charlie Howard got the freight train back to the side-track and the passenger train passed on with its human freight, all unconscious of the great danger a cool head and prompt action had averted. I have no doubt many men on the road are familiar with the story.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A Visit From Bishop Simpson's Life.

(Pittsburg Leader.)

Bishop Simpson preached a most eloquent and effective sermon yesterday morning at Valley camp, taking his text from the first and second verses of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. In the afternoon the Rev. Miles made a fine discourse from the text in the fourth chapter of Isaiah, part of the sixth verse. Probably fifteen hundred or two thousand people were in attendance throughout the day.

Quite an affecting scene occurred at the close of the afternoon service, when the venerable Rev. Hudson, an old and pious minister of eighty, told the story of a camp meeting held near Cuba, O., just fifty years ago, which the preceding elder had opposed, but had been decided on by the ministers on a close vote with one majority. After describing the grand revival with which it swept the place, the hoary-headed disciple then turned to Bishop Simpson with tones of the most affectionate regard, and said that in that revival the bishop had been won to the Lord, and with almost fatherly regard he expressed his thankfulness to meet his loved brother again after fifty years of a life so eminently useful and successful. The bishop was visibly affected, and though unlike the average Methodist very unemotional in his manner, he was compelled to feel for his pocket handkerchief to wipe away the moisture from his eyes. When he arose at the close of the old man's remarks, and told how well he remembered the scene of half a century ago, the tender memories of the past were so vividly and beautifully portrayed that all over the large audience assembled dry eyes grew wet and strong men as well as ladies were compelled to bow their heads suffused with hot tears. The simplicity and unaffectedness of the eminent divine went straight to hearts long since unused to weeping.

KATE CHASE'S MARRIAGE.

Her Life in Washington and Her Efforts in Her Father's Behalf.

(Miss Grady's Saturday Letter.)

Although the subject ought to be exhausted by this time, yet I think it may not be amiss to give some of my recollections of the lady who now absorbs so much of the attention of the public. As a school girl in Kentucky I knew but little of politics or politicians until the war broke out, and my home in Louisville became the seat of bitter sectional hostilities. My alma mater was seized for a hospital and the scholars were arrayed in two belligerent parties. My mother and I fled to sympathizing friends in Washington. The war was at its height and I looked upon those who ruled at Washington as the representatives of the patriotism of the country. I was frequently shocked at the levity with which I heard them mentioned.

In the same house with me was the family of an Ohio general. One day the ladies were dressing for a cabinet reception, and I was in the room with the young lady of the family. She said: "It goes against me to call at the house of the secretary of the treasury. In Ohio Kate Chase is not visited, but, of course, now that her father is in the cabinet, we have to recognize her." "What has Miss Kate done?" I inquired. "Oh!" said she, "I have never heard of her disgrace?" I had not, but the remarks made a lasting impression. The next Sunday I went to St. John's church, and in coming out of church Kate Chase was pointed out to me. I saw an angular figure, encased in a tight-fitting black cloth polonaise. The garment had been just long enough out of fashion to look singular, but I was told that the young lady clung to it because it showed off her figure. The only beauty about Kate Chase at that time were her eyes and eyelashes. The eyes were brown or gray, and the eyelashes dark and long. She understood the use of her eyes, for she was always dropping them and dropping the lids so that the eyelashes rested on her cheeks. At that time she was not artificial in her make up. She had another good point which she made the most of, and that was a well formed head. To show this to advantage she wore her hair, which was brown (the color is very different now), in close bands, as Mrs. Hayes still wears hers. The greatest defect in Kate Chase's face is a small, turned-up nose.

Washington was full of gossip about the untamed girl who refused to be kept down by the conventionalities of life. Then came the announcement of her engagement to the Rhode Island millionaire. Her father had always been and still is poor, and if Kate was fond of dress she had not been able to indulge in any extravagance. She now enjoyed making the costliest preparations for her wedding. Senator Sprague paid twenty thousand dollars for a firm of diamonds, and it was on exhibition in Tiffany's window after it was purchased. This was the wedding present and was worn with the point lace veil on the occasion of her marriage. After this the modest mansion which the secretary of the treasury had occupied was purchased by Sprague, and his wife had it tenfolded and enlarged. Plain furniture was replaced by that which was costly and sumptuous. Dinners, balls and entertainments on the grandest scale were given. The diamonds were worn on the head at night, and fastened in the bonnet by day. One ball was given by Mrs. Sprague when she had a temporary ball-room built and the walls covered with fluted, rose-colored satin and mirrors. Champagne flowed like water at her feasts. She snubbed President and Mrs. Lincoln, and took on all of the fine airs, or in the laconic language of her husband, nothing could equal the insolence of half a million, but a whole million. She organized horseback parties and galloped up and down Pennsylvania avenue to display herself to the gawking crowd. She hired a rural dwelling a few miles from Washington, and she and her companions would ride there and dismount, have a dance and collation, and then troop back to the city. She visited New York whenever a fresh novelty appeared in opera or theater. She would stop at a fashionable hotel, and alone with a cavalier would pass days and nights in a round of amusements. She left with her husband one young child and an infant while she went to Europe. Here she was metamorphosed into an auburn haired blonde. Upon her return, after a year or two years' absence, she was more regal than ever in dress and the style of her entertainments. It appeared as if she had gone to Europe to acquire some of the additional arts of the French woman who shines in political salons. Upon her return she began grooming her father as a candidate for the presidency. She opened headquarters in New York prior to the meeting of the convention in 1868. She feuded and entertained every one she desired to influence. She used her most fascinating wiles and arts; she attempted to be a female Warwick. She was baffled and defeated in 1868, but attempted the same role four years afterward. In New York she had worked upon politicians alone; four years later she included the press. Until that time she had not sought to conciliate the members of the third estate. On the contrary, she had been lavish in snubs to this inferior class of mortals. Now she wanted their assistance. The occasion was a reception the night before the departure of the delegates and press representatives to Cincinnati. Her father had been struck with paralysis the year before, but had partially recovered, and stood beside his queenly daughter as she so graciously received her guests. She told every one that her father had walked in from Edge-wood that evening. This was to prove that his health and strength were not impaired. He, with his mouth still drawn from paralysis and his speech unsteady, exerted himself to prove by remembering names and faces that his intellect was vigorous. Ah! what ef-

forts were made that night to send good reports to the Cincinnati convention. A few days afterward the announcement came that Horace Greeley was nominated. The death of the chief justice shortly afterward destroyed Mrs. Sprague's last ambitious dream of presiding over the White House. Her husband's failure in business and the loss of his seat in the senate left this restless woman without any of the objects which had engrossed her life. Again she went to Europe; returned in a year, but went again after a few months in this country. At last she settled down in Washington to work, through Senator Conkling, to relieve her estate from taxation and to raise money.

TAKING THE WHITE VEIL.

Six Young Ladies Received Into the Convent of Mercy at New Orleans—A Sad, Suggestive Scene.

(New Orleans Times.)

Saturday morning at 9 o'clock took place at St. Alphonsus Convent of Mercy, the impressive and affecting ceremony of reception. In the beautiful little chapel of the convent were gathered the friends and relatives of the novices elect, all having been received by the mother superior and mother assistant of the convent, and shown to places in the nave of the chapel.

Before the altar, standing with his face to the beautifully decorated altar, stood Rev. Father Girardey, the celebrant, and at his left, Rev. Father Lanny, acting deacon. Behind these stood the little girls, angels, Angela Crump, Clara Crump, Louise Castell, Barbara Castell, Mamie Field, Katie Field and Mamie Owen.

Behind these still knelt the novices-elect, six in number, dressed in bridal costume, and carrying a lighted waxen taper in the hand. This line of kneeling girls seemed a channel rail dividing the sacred portion of the chapel from the secular.

The procession in the chapel had ended, and the choir were singing the last verse of the procession, when Father Girardey praised and blessed the candles. After the hymn, "O Gloria," was sung, the reverend father made a short and appropriate address to the congregation and novices.

He said, in effect, that the life of a Christian is one of self-denial and a burden, because of the temptations of the world. Such a life, however, is far superior to that of the worldly man, for the life of the latter is worn, woud and gall.

The life of a religious one, who professes the life of a daughter of mercy, is one of happy self-denial, for such a one undertakes to keep not only the commands but also the counsels of God. Father Girardey dwelt further on this theme, bolstering and encouraging the young ladies standing there ready to give up the world and all it contains, and begging them to be strong in purpose and confidence steadfast unto the end.

The novices elect then advanced one by one to the foot of the altar, where the following interrogatories were put and answered:

Celebrant—"My dear child, what do you demand?"

Novice elect—"The mercy of God and the holy habit of religion."

Celebrant—"Is it with your own free will you demand the holy habit of religion?"

Novice elect—"Yes, my Lord."

Celebrant—"Reverend mother, have you made the necessary inquiries, and are you satisfied?"

Superior—"Yes, my Lord."

Celebrant—"My child, have you a firm intention to persevere in religion to the end of your life, and do you hope to have sufficient strength to carry constantly the sweet yoke of our Lord Jesus Christ, solely for the love and fear of God?"

Novice elect—"Relying on the mercy of God, I hope to be able to do so."

The novices each having made this declaration, returned to their prie-dieu, and resumed their private devotions.

The celebrant then blessed the habits of religion, the girdles and the veils, and while the choir sang the hymn, "In exilii Israel," the novices retired to a back room, where they exchanged their bridal robes for gowns of black serge and caps of fine white linen.

Before the hymn was ended the novices returned to the chapel and resumed their places in the line facing the altar. Here all at once the spectator is struck, painfully struck, with the change wrought by the change of dress. Girls but a moment before dressed as brides for the feast, rich in youth and beauty, with long and luxuriant hair flowing down their shoulders, suddenly appear transformed into shapeless forms of black.

Even the faces seemed changed, and what ruggedness was hid beneath the white tulle veils now appears in all its naturalness to the gaze. Even the prettiest, as some were beautiful, now no longer appeared pretty, so completely have the charms of youth and femininity been absorbed by the holy habit of religion.

One by one the novices now advanced and received from the hands of the celebrant the cincture, or leather girdle, the white veil, and the greyish white church cloak; the one the emblem of chastity, the other of marriage with Christ, and the third of the protection of the church.

These articles having been donned and the novices received, the latter ranged in a line in front of the altar, and as the choir sang the canticle, "Ecce tunc venit Meus," all six prostrated themselves at full length on the floor with their faces against the ground.

Host. The priest now sprinkled the novices with holy water, and the mother superior furnished each with a lighted candle, emblem of the light of faith, which guides their footsteps. With these the ceremony ended, and the recessional, preceded by Miss Emma Webb, cross bearer, took place. The names of the novices who have taken on the new life are: Miss Ellenora Green, of New Orleans, in religion, Sister Mary Regina; Miss Kate Hartigan, of New Orleans, in religion, Sister Mary Camillus; Miss Honoria O'Leary, of Cork, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Gertrude; Miss Margaret Donovan, of Cork, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Stanislaus; Miss Cassie Maguire, of Enniskillen, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Augustine; and Miss Elizabeth McSherry, of Enniskillen, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Beatrice.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Another burlesque "Pinafore" at Tony Pastor's.

Modjeska is announced to appear at the Adelphi, London.

Maretzok begins at the Academy, in New York, September 26th.

The Joe Murphy troupe opened at Toronto, Ont., September 8th.

J. K. Emmet will arrive in New York from Europe next week.

Lawrence Barrett opens in Toronto the 15th with an entirely new company.

Arditi has left Milan for England to prepare for his American expedition with Mapleson.

Eugenie Saul will be an acceptable addition to the Jefferson "Top Van Winkle" troupe.

L. A. Phelps, announced to sing with Carlotta Patti, is a native of Chicago, and a pupil of Lamperti.

John T. Raymond will play nothing this season on the road except Wolfert's Roost. He will give Col. Sellers a rest of two years.

The two primas of M. Grau's company and M. Capoul have arrived all safe and sound, and with voices unimpaired by the salt air. All the ladies in New York are betting gloves in favor of Capoul.

Conly, the basso, formerly with Hres and Strakosch, has been engaged for the Italian opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre in the fall. This engagement will not interfere with his contract with Carl Rosa.

At the Madison Square Garden, N. Y., the new Pinafore has largely increased the receipts. The Aquarian Pinafore has come to anchor, for an indefinite period, having proved unexpectedly successful.

Miss Kellogg, who positively be in America this season. She will also sing in various parts of Europe. She appears in Petersburg, and is specially secured for Milan. All of which means that dates are still open.

The library of the Comedie Francaise contains more than eight thousand volumes, which are stored in the attics of the theatre. The library, under such conditions, is of course, almost useless. Proposals are before the authorities for its better lodgment.

Mr. Phelps, a member of the Carlotta Patti party, has arrived in America. Mr. Phelps is an American tenor who has been absent five years from his country. He has gone to Chicago to see his relatives before making his debut before a New York audience.

Mr. Meyer has received the following letter concerning Prof. Carter, who is at present the vocal teacher at the Conservatory of Music, which will explain itself:

My dear friend: Mr. Carter has pleased me very much by his evident grasp of my method—if I may so magnificently style it. As he has taken both the correspondence and the personal lessons at my office I think I may cordially endorse him as representing the very latest and most complete development of the principles of "opposing movements" in his class.

Yours, very sincerely, J. H. Brown.

The fall season is opening. Advertising is now in order. Teachers of standing will announce that they resume their lessons on such and such date, others will speak of "new methods," "treatment of the larynx," "particular method of vocalization," and other wonderful things, which dazzle the unknowing public. Teachers who do not mention methods receive their \$10 to \$30 a quarter. The great "intellectuals" generally impart knowledge very cheaply.

Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, opened its season September 8th, with Joseph Jefferson, in Rip Van Winkle. Following Jefferson will come the Fifth Avenue Follies party, Honley & Emerson's Megatherians, F. C. Bangs, B. Macauley, Salsbury's Troubadours, Union Square Co., in Banker's Daughter, Emma Abbott's Opera Co., Adelaide Nelson, Hermann, Bandman, Weatherly's Frolics, and then probably Her Majesty's Opera Co., and Mrs. Bowers and Charlotte Thompson.

The reason why medical practitioners do not hesitate to prescribe Dr. F. Wilkoff's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic is as follows: Messrs. Wheelock, Finlay & Co., of New Orleans, its proprietors, have published its composition, and physicians have approved it because it contains no dangerous drug, and because it invariably proves successful. It is for sale by all druggists.

Whenever you see a friend suffering from Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache or any kind of disease, advise him to go to the nearest drug store and procure a bottle of Oliver Raccoy Bitter Water, and be at once relieved of those distressing ailments. A wineglassful a dose. For sale by all druggists.

James Fox, Wholesale Dealer in Anthracite, Hocking Valley and Bituminous

COAL.

Also agent for the celebrated Piedmont Blacksmith Coal, the best in the world.

Western agent for Boyd, Stuckey & Co. Yard, corner Clinton and Railroad Sts., Down town office, 77 Calhoun street.

FASHION NOTES.

(New York Sun.)

Colored petticoats are again worn. Dark red of various shades is worn. Striped hosiery is revived in new forms. Weir stripes are seen in the new hosiery.

Baques have not gone out of fashion. Children's dresses entirely of red are revived.

Red stockings will be worn more than ever.

The new silk stockings show corduroy effects.

The Roman colors are sought for in striped hosiery.

False fronts are worn to greater excess than ever.

Medium sizes only in any kind of button are fashionable.

High-heeled slippers are de rigueur for dressy house toilets.

Caps and turbans will be as fashionable as ever this season.

Jockey caps are worn by lady equestrians in Central Park.

Two kissing doves make a pretty design for a painted dress tablier.

More of the front hair is used in making the bang locks than ever.

The Lucroyale is the latest French lace bow. It is of huge dimensions.

Painted bands and tabliers are for dresses the late Parisian novelties.

Painted silk, satin and velvet buttons are seen among new trimming goods.

Red or claret sashes look best with white cashmere or flannel dresses on children.

Embroideries or lace cloakings cover the instep of all fancy hosiery that is not striped.

The fashion of wearing large Alsatian bows on the top of the head is on the increase.

The prettiest fall dress for a child is of white flannel, or cashmere with colored sashes.

Japanese and Oriental designs appear on many of the handiwork metal buttons.

Metal buttons, round as bullets, flat as wafers and half-ball or dome-shaped, will all be worn.

The new hat, styled "The Photograph," may be felt, but it cannot be heard, like Edison's.

Jet-headed passementerie ornaments are to be used on rich dresses as well as on the dressiest wraps.

Long-looped bows falling in a cascade from under the long points of Vandyke corsages are very much worn.

The most fashionable arrangement of the back hair is narrow, in braids or tresses falling on the nape of the neck.

The bands and tabliers for dresses, on which printed designs are seen in Paris, are of the richest velvet, satin and silk.

Fancy and plain ribbons are both used for loops, and in some cases form a complete cascade down the front of the dress.

The straight band across the forehead is still the most fashionable style of cut and arrangement for young girls' hair.

Valets and plastrons, composed entirely of jet beaded passementerie, are seen in the trimming department of A. T. Stewart & Co.

Silk novelties show jacquard effects in rich, bright colors on elamene grounds of dark colors, changing with very light or bright ones.

India and valley cashmere shawls are revived as the most appropriate wraps to be worn with the new French-India cashmere costumes.

Little children, whose hair is not shingled very short, wear it long and curled in the back and banded square across the forehead and temples.

The large, long looped bows of ribbon placed in front on the bottom of a short tablier, or at the junction of the paniers, grow more and more popular.

Oriental French cashmere is the name for the new silk and wool dress goods, whose designs resemble the figures and colors of an India cashmere shawl.

The designs which are printed on bands and tabliers by French artists consist of flowers, fruits, birds, bees, butterflies, jewels, shells and musical instruments.

The most striking novelty in stockings is the use of the Tartan and Roman colors in horizontal stripes, sometimes being crossed to form plaids with bright lines of some contrasting color.

A new trimming material, composed of the plumage of tropical birds interwoven with golden threads, has been produced in Paris. It is exceedingly gorgeous, surpassing the richest embroidery with colored silk and gold thread.

Some of the handsomest silk stockings have the leg and the bottom of the foot in dark Burgoyne, Canaque, duck's breast, blue or bright red, with the instep of white and black zebra stripes, forming chevrons with the points downward.

DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES.

CHICAGO SCALE CO.

149 and 151 Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

Two-ton wagon scales \$40; 4-ton, \$60; 6-ton, \$80; 8-ton, \$100; 10-ton, \$120; 12-ton, \$140; 14-ton, \$160; 16-ton, \$180; 18-ton, \$200; 20-ton, \$220; 22-ton, \$240; 24-ton, \$260; 26-ton, \$280; 28-ton, \$300; 30-ton, \$320; 32-ton, \$340; 34-ton, \$360; 36-ton, \$380; 38-ton, \$400; 40-ton, \$420; 42-ton, \$440; 44-ton, \$460; 46-ton, \$480; 48-ton, \$500; 50-ton, \$520; 52-ton, \$540; 54-ton, \$560; 56-ton, \$580; 58-ton, \$600; 60-ton, \$620; 62-ton, \$640; 64-ton, \$660; 66-ton, \$680; 68-ton, \$700; 70-ton, \$720; 72-ton, \$740; 74-ton, \$760; 76-ton, \$780; 78-ton, \$800; 80-ton, \$820; 82-ton, \$840; 84-ton, \$860; 86-ton, \$880; 88-ton, \$900; 90-ton, \$920; 92-ton, \$940; 94-ton, \$960; 96-ton, \$980; 98-ton, \$1000; 100-ton, \$1020; 102-ton, \$1040; 104-ton, \$1060; 106-ton, \$1080; 108-ton, \$1100; 110-ton, \$1120; 112-ton, \$1140; 114-ton, \$1160; 116-ton, \$1180; 118-ton, \$1200; 120-ton, \$1220; 122-ton, \$1240; 124-ton, \$1260; 126-ton, \$1280; 128-ton, \$1300; 130-ton, \$1320; 132-ton, \$1340; 134-ton, \$1360; 136-ton, \$1380; 138-ton, \$1400; 140-ton, \$1420; 142-ton, \$1440; 144-ton, \$1460; 146-ton, \$1480; 148-ton, \$1500; 150-ton, \$1520; 152-ton, \$1540

RAILROAD STORIES.

"My Murder," by a Telegraph Operator. A Train Dispatcher's Chase After a Freight Train.

MY MURDER.

[San Francisco Call.]

After all, we way station telegraph operators are not without our little bit of romance occasionally, and I think I can show that we are not without a certain amount of responsibility; but it is seldom, if ever, recognized, unless one of our number by carelessness plunges a train into destruction by failing to deliver or to understand orders.

The time of which I write was one pleasant afternoon in early autumn, the 23d day of September, 1876, and as the occurrence has made a deep and vivid impression upon my mind, I can not forget the day, which was Friday.

At that time I had been an agent and operator on the ——— railroad a little while over two months. The line was direct through some parts of Indiana and Illinois, and some of the stations had no telegraph office. Consequently, the order dispatch was somewhat lengthy, and there was but one office between mine and Cowan's, twelve miles west.

On this day I was quietly puffing my meerschaum in the little bay window of my office, and wishing for something to relieve the monotony, when the operator at Cowan called the train dispatcher and said an engine had sprung her throttle, with 150 pounds of steam made a deep and vivid impression upon my mind, while the fireman had gone to lunch, and the engineer, who was sitting around, had no time to get on.

All was as still as death for a minute, when the dispatcher began to call for the only office between mine and Cowan's. For fully five minutes he called him, using the signal "23," which means death, but still no answer, and still the monotonous click of the armature. Presently he answered in a dazed, hurried manner, and when asked about the engine, said that it had passed there at a fearful rate of speed at 1:14 with no person visible.

It was only six miles more to me, and an excursion was on its way west with a heavy load of tired picnickers, and had actually left a station only eight miles east of me, the first telegraph office at 1:02. The dispatcher called me furiously, and being at hand and expectant, I answered him immediately. When he said, "Turn your switch and wreck engine No. 11 going east wild," I replied quickly, "I cannot without an telegraph order," and after a hasty consultation with the superintendent, as I afterward learned, he went ahead with an order, whose unusual form and wording roused many a lazy "brass-sounder" from a doze. It was like this:

Operator: Wreck with engine No. 11 at Cowan station, and withhold engine. Company will defend and uphold you.

I immediately returned my "13" or "understanding" received my "correct at 1:14 p. m.," and turned to look for the engine, when, although the conversation between the dispatcher and myself had consumed but four minutes, I saw the coming of a grandest rate of speed I ever witnessed, and snatching my order I ran to the switch-gate, about 150 feet, and when I had unlocked and thrown the rail the roaring monster was only about 100 feet away. I had my watch in my hand, and stepping quickly back out of harm's way, when at exactly 1:30 she went over, and such an unearthly crash I hope I may never see or hear again.

The dirt and stones flew fifty feet in the air, the engine turned clear over and stopped on her side, pushing a splinter of the cab on her white valve, and there she lay, a seething, hissing, screeching mass of rubbish. But above the din and rattle I heard one wild, despairing, shriek for help, and when I could get close enough to see anything I found what had not been recognized as a man in the crushed and bleeding mass that lay under one huge driver, the face was without a scar, and by that was recognized as an escaped madman, who it seems, had climbed on the engine at Cowan unobserved and pulling the throttle open had started on a wild awful ride to the gate of death.

When the excursion train came up ten minutes later they say they found me standing by the engine, gazing alternately at the bloody driver and at my written order, still tightly clamped in my hand.

It was unconscious of every thing save that I had obeyed orders, and thereby taken a life. They say I faint, but I knew nothing from the instant I discovered that white, bloodless face, until four days after, when I awakened apparently from a dream. My first question was, "Did the excursion get in safely?"

The coroner held an inquest as soon as I could be examined, and the verdict was: "We, the jury, find that Albert Long came to his death by being crushed beneath a locomotive, which was wrecked by J. L. A., an operator on the ——— railroad, according to the order of D. R. B., his superintendent, and superior officer. And we find further that no blame can attach to said J. L. A., D. R. B., or the railroad company, as the engine was wrecked to save a heavily loaded excursion, and said Albert Long, being a madman, was on the engine in direct opposition to the company's order."

I have that order and a copy of the verdict in my diary side by side, where they shall always remain. Often in my dreams I see an unrecognizable mass of quivering flesh and broken bones beneath the huge driver, and a white unscarred face presents itself to my gaze. A sudden shriek will almost drive me, and I am tempted to go where the railroads are unknown, where the hissing and screeching can not reach me.

A THRILLING RACE.

[Cincinnati Times.]

"Did you read that railroad item in the Times headed 'My Murder'?" asked a railroad man in a circle last night.

"You mean a clipping describing how a supposed runaway locomotive

was wrecked by a station agent under orders of the company's officers, and it was subsequently discovered that a madman was on the locomotive, and the engine ran the runaway losing his life at the time?" inquired another person.

"Yes, the same," was the rejoinder. "I have heard that story before."

"It was quite exciting," said another railroad man. "I know of an accident that was far more exciting, however, and it happened on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad not many years ago. It came near costing a number of lives."

"What was that?" was the general inquiry; and then with one accord the circle closed up about the man who apparently had a "yarn to spin."

"It happened east of Chillicothe. You all know Bill Gallagher, passenger conductor on the M. & C.?" "Yes, Well, that fellow has been more than any man I ever saw. At the time I speak of he was conductor of a freight train on the M. & C. He had a lively train one night and the operator had orders to instruct Gallagher to stop at the next station east of Chillicothe. The operator made a mistake, however, and the order Bill received sent him on a station further. The brass rounder soon found out that he had made a grave blunder, and one which might cost many lives. Upon making the discovery he became almost insane from fright, and by his remarkable actions attracted the attention of every person near, among others, Charles Howard, the train dispatcher. He acted like a crazy man, and no one could get anything out of him, except that he was the cause of some terrible calamity about to happen on the road. Charles Howard watched and listened to the man attentively for some minutes, and from his knowledge of the trains and running time, he guessed at the true state of affairs. The next station was called, and the starting information learned that the freight train had passed there. The west bound passenger train was also found to be on time, and a terrible collision on the road seemed at the time inevitable.

"Charles Howard proved the right man in the right place at the right time. An engine was brought out and pressed into use. A red hot fire soon caused the steam to angrily hiss from the valves. The throttle was pulled open and the engine sped away like a frightened race horse. Never was such time made on the road before. The engine was urged on at a frightful rate of speed in the seemingly vain hope of overhauling Bill Gallagher's freight train. At last the engine being chased could be seen a long way ahead, and the steam whistle was called into use. Gallagher saw the engine bearing down upon him and he heard the whistling, which he failed to understand. In some way he became impressed with the idea that another freight train was behind and rapidly approaching him. Relying on the telegraph orders he had received, and desiring to keep away from the supposed train behind him, he hurried his own train ahead. Thus it happened that a very ill-timed match commenced and promised to frustrate the plans of Charles Howard. Gallagher's train was being pushed to its utmost speed, and the time consumed in shortening the distance between it and Charles Howard's engine seemed painfully long to the pursuing parties. Steadily but surely, however, Gallagher was overhauled, but it was not until the signal engine touched the rear end of the freight train that the signal "down brakes" was given.

But above the din and rattle I heard one wild, despairing, shriek for help, and when I could get close enough to see anything I found what had not been recognized as a man in the crushed and bleeding mass that lay under one huge driver, the face was without a scar, and by that was recognized as an escaped madman, who it seems, had climbed on the engine at Cowan unobserved and pulling the throttle open had started on a wild awful ride to the gate of death. When the excursion train came up ten minutes later they say they found me standing by the engine, gazing alternately at the bloody driver and at my written order, still tightly clamped in my hand.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A Visit From Bishop Simpson's Life.

[Pittsburgh Leader.] Bishop Simpson reached a most eloquent and effective sermon yesterday morning at Valley camp, taking his text from the 12th chapter of Hebrews. In the afternoon the Rev. Miss made a fine discourse from the text in the fourth chapter of Zachariah, part of the sixth verse. Probably fifteen hundred or two thousand people were in attendance throughout the day.

Quite an affecting scene occurred at the close of the afternoon service, when the venerable Rev. Hudson, an old and pious minister of eighty, told the story of a camp meeting held near Cozart, for just fifty years ago, which the presiding elder had observed, but had been decided on by the ministers on a close vote with one majority. After describing the grand revival with which the bishop had been so vividly and fondly connected, and the most affectionate regard, and said that in that revival the bishop had been one of the Lord, and with almost fatherly regard he expressed his thankfulness to meet his loved brother again after fifty years of a life so eminently useful and successful. The bishop was visibly affected, and though unlike the average Methodist, he was compelled to feel for his pocket handkerchief to wipe away the moisture from his eyes. Words were unkind at the close of the old man's remarks, and told how well he remembered the scene of half a century ago, the tender memories of the past were so vividly and beautifully portrayed that all over the large audience assembled dry eyes grew wet and strong men as well as ladies were compelled to bow their faces suffused with hot tears. The articles simplicity and unaffectedness of the eminent divine went straight to hearts long since unused to weeping.

KATE CHASE'S MARRIAGE.

Her Life in Washington and Her Efforts in Her Father's Behalf.

[Miss Grundy's San Antonio Letter.]

Although the subject ought to be exhausted by this time, yet I think it may not be amiss to give some of my recollections of the lady who now absorbs so much of the attention of the public. As a school girl in Kentucky I knew her, and later on, or politicians until the war broke out, and my home in Louisville became the seat of bitter sectional hostilities. My alma mater was seized for a hospital and the scholars were arrayed in two warring parties. My mother and I fled to the mountains, friends in Washington. The war was at its height, and I looked upon those who ruled at Washington as the representatives of the patriotism of the country. I was frequently shocked at the levity with which I heard them mentioned.

In the same house were the families of an Ohio general. One day the ladies were dressing for a cabinet reception, and I was in the room with the young lady of the family. She said: "It goes against me to call at the house of the secretaries of the cabinet. In Ohio Kate Chase is not visited, but, of course, now that her father is in the cabinet, we have to recognize her."

"What was Miss Kate doing?" I inquired. "Oh," said she, "Have you never heard of her disgrace?" I had not, but the remarks made a lasting impression. The next Sunday I went to St. John's church. Behind the altar stood the little girls, angels, Angela Crump, Clara Crump, Louise Castelli, Barbara Castelli, Marie Field, Katie Field and Mamie Owen.

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Washington was full of gossip about the untamed girl who refused to be kept down by the conventionalities of life. Then came the announcement of her engagement to the Rhode Island millionaire. Her father had always been and still was poor, and if Kate was fond of dress she had not been able to indulge in any extravagance. She now enjoyed making the costliest preparations for her wedding. Senator Sprague paid twenty thousand dollars for a flora of diamonds, and it was on exhibition in Tiffany's window after it was purchased. This was the wedding present and was worn with the point lace veil on the wedding day.

After this the modest mansion which the secretary of the treasury had occupied was purchased by Sprague, and his wife had it remodeled and enlarged. Plain furniture was replaced by that which was costly and sumptuous. Dinners, balls and entertainments on the grandest scale were given. The dining room was on the head at night and fastened in the banquet by day. One ball was given by Mrs. Sprague when she had a temporary ball-room built and the walls covered with fluted, rose-colored satin and mirrors. Champagne flowed like water at her feasts. She now played the grand dame. She snubbed President and Mrs. Lincoln, and took an amount of the time and money lavished on the hire of a rural residence, a few miles from Washington, and she and her companions would ride there and dismount, have a dance and collation, and then troop back to the city. She visited New York whenever a fresh novelty appeared in opera or theater. She would stop at a fashionable hotel, and along with the cavalier would pass days and nights in a round of amusements. She left with her husband one young child and an infant while she went to Europe. Here she was metamorphosed into an auburn haired beauty, and she returned a year or two years' absence, she was more regal than ever in dress and the style of her entertainments. It appeared as if she had come from Europe to acquire some of the additional graces of the French woman who shines in political salons. Upon her return she began grooming her father as a candidate for the presidency. She opened headquarters in New York prior to the meeting of the convention in 1868. She feted and entertained every one she desired to influence. She used her most fascinating and winning arts. She attempted to be a female Warwick. She was baffled and defeated in 1868, but attempted the same role four years afterward. In New York she had worked upon politicians alone; four years later she included the press. Until that time she had not sought to conciliate the members of the third estate. On the contrary, she had been lavish in snubs to this inferior class of mortals. Now she wanted their assistance. The occasion was a reception the night before the departure of the delegates and press representatives to Cincinnati. The father had been struck with paralysis the year before, but had partially recovered, and stood beside his quizzically daughter as she so graciously received her guests. She told every one that her father had walked in from Edge-wood that evening. This was to prove that his health and strength were not impaired. He, with his mouth still drawn from paralysis and his speech unsteady, exerted himself to prove by remembering names and faces that his intellect was vigorous. Ah! what efforts were made that night to send good reports to the Cincinnati convention. A few days afterward the announcement came that Horace Greeley was nominated. The death of the chief justice shortly afterward destroyed Mrs. Sprague's last ambitious dream of presiding over the White House. Her husband's failure in business and the loss of his seat in the senate left this restless woman without any of the objects which had engrossed her life. Again she went to Europe; returned in a year, but went again after a few months in this country. At last she settled down in Washington to work, through Senator Conkling, to relieve her estate from taxation and to raise money.

TAKING THE WHITE VAIL.

54 Young Ladies Received into the Convent of Mercy at New Orleans—A Sad, Suggestive Times.

Saturday morning at 9 o'clock took place at St. Alphonsus Convent of Mercy, the impressive and affecting ceremony of reception. In the beautiful little chapel of the convent were gathered the friends and relatives of the novices, all kneeling in prayer, received by the mother superior and mother assistant of the convent, and shown to places in the nave of the chapel.

Before the altar, standing with his face to the beautifully decorated altar, stood Rev. Father Girardey, the celebrant, and at his left, Rev. Father de la Roche, the officiating priest. Behind the altar stood the little girls, angels, Angela Crump, Clara Crump, Louise Castelli, Barbara Castelli, Marie Field, Katie Field and Mamie Owen.

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Host. The priest now sprinkled the novices with holy water, and the mother superior furnished each with a lighted candle, emblem of the light of faith, which guides their footsteps. With these the ceremony ended, and the recessional, preceded by Miss Emma Webb, cross bearer, took place. The names of the novices who have taken on the new life are:

Miss Eleonora Green, of New Orleans, in religion, Sister Mary Regina; Miss Kate Hartigan, of New Orleans, in religion, Sister Mary Camillus; Miss Honoria O'Leary, of Cork, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Gertrude; Miss Margaret Donovan, of Cork, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Stanislaus; Miss Cassie Maguire, of Enniskillen, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Augustine; and Miss Elizabeth McCusker, of Enniskillen, Ireland, in religion, Sister Mary Beatrice.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Another burlesque "Pinafore" at Tony Pastor's.

Modjeska is announced to appear at the Adelphi, London.

Maretzek begins at the Academy, in New York, September 26th.

The Joe Murphy troupe opened at Toronto, Oct., September 8th.

J. K. Emmet will arrive in New York from Europe next week.

Lawrence Barrett opens in Toronto the 15th with an entirely new company.

Artili has left Milan for England to prepare for his American expedition with a new dress.

Eugene Saul will be an acceptable addition to the Jefferson "Tip Van Winkle" troupe.

L. A. Phelps, announced to sing with Charlotte F. Phelps, a native of Chicago, and a pupil of Luperi.

John T. Raymond will play nothing this season on the road except Wolfert's Roost. He will give Col. Sellers a rest of two years.

The two primas of M. Grau's company and M. Capoul have arrived all safe and sound, and with voices unimpaired by the salt air. All the ladies in New York are betting gloves in favor of Capoul.

Conly, the basso, formerly with Hoss and Strakosch, has been engaged for the Italian opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre in the fall. His engagement will not interfere with his contract with Carl Rosa.

At the Madison Square Garden, N. Y., the new Pinafore has largely increased the receipts. The Aquarian Pinafore has come to anchor for an indefinite period, having proved unexpectedly successful.

Miss Kellogg will positively be in America this season. She will also sing in various parts of Europe. She appears in Petersburg, and is specially secured for Milan. All of which means that dates are still open.

The Library of the Comedie Francaise contains more than eight thousand volumes, which are stored in the attics of the theatre. The library, under such conditions, is of course, almost useless. Proposals are before the authorities for its better lodgment.

Mr. Phelps, a member of the Carolina Fetti party, has arrived in America. Mr. Phelps is an American tourist who has been absent five years from his country. He has gone to Chicago to see his relatives before making his debut before a New York audience.

Mr. Meyer has received the following letter concerning Prof. Carter, who is at present the vocal teacher at the Conservatory of Music, which will explain itself:

29 Union Square, Sept. 8th, 1879.—Dear friend Carter: Mr. Carter has pleased me very much by his evident grasp of my method of singing, and I am confident that he will be a valuable asset to the Conservatory. As he has taken both the corresponding and the personal lessons at my office, I think I may confidently recommend him as representing the very latest and most complete developments in the principles of "singing movement" as I have laid them down.

Yours very sincerely, JOHN H. HAYES.

The fall season is opening. Advertising is now in order. Teachers of singing will announce that they resume their lessons on such and such date, others will speak of "new methods," "treatment of the larynx," "particular method of vocalization," and other wonderful things, which do little to the unthinking public. Teachers who do not mention methods receive their \$30 to \$50 a quarter. The great "inventors" generally impart knowledge very, very cheap.

Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, opened its season September 8th, with Joseph Jefferson, in Tip Van Winkle. Following Jefferson, will come the Fifth Avenue Fattinista party, Hookey & Emerson's Megatherians, F. C. Bangs, B. Macaulay, Salisbury's Troubadours, Union Square Co., in Banker's Daughter, Emma Abbott's Opera Co., Adelaide Nelson, Herrmann, Bandman, Weatherly's Frolicks, and the new company, led by Mary's Opera Co., and Mrs. Bowers and Charlotte Thompson.

The reason why medical practitioners do not hesitate to prescribe Dr. F. W. Wilhoit's Anti-Periodic or Fever and Ague Tonic is as follows: Messrs. Wheeler, Finlay & Co., of New Orleans, its proprietors, have published its composition, and physicians have approved it because it contains no dangerous drug, and because it invariably proves successful. It is for sale by all druggists.

Whenever you see a friend suffering from Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache or any kind of disease, advise him to go to the nearest drug store and procure a bottle of Other Remedies Bitter Water, and be at once relieved of those distressing ailments. A wineglassful a dose. For sale by all druggists.

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FASHION NOTES.

[New York Sun.]

Colored petticoats are again worn. Dark red of various shades is worn. Striped hosiery is revived in new forms.

Wetted stripes are seen in the new hosiery.

Basques have not gone out of fashion.

Children's dresses entirely of red are revived.

Red stockings will be worn more than ever.

The Roman colors are sought for in striped hosiery.

False fronts are worn to greater excess than ever.

Medium sizes only in any kind of button are fashionable.

High-heeled slippers are de rigueur for dressy home toilets.

Jockey caps are worn by lady equestrians in Central Park.

Two kissing doves make a pretty design for a painted dress tablier.

More of the front hair is used in making the bang loose than ever.

The Incroyable is the latest French lace bow. It is of huge dimensions.

Painted bands and tabliers are for dresses the late Parisian novelties.

Painted silk satin and velvet buttons are seen among new trimming goods.

Red or claret sashes look best with white cashmere or flannel dresses on children.

Embroideries or lace cloakings cover the instep of all fancy hosiery that is not striped.

The fashion of wearing large Alaskan bows on the top of the head is on the increase.

The prettiest fall dress for a child is of white flannel, or cashmere with colored sashes.

Japanese and Oriental designs appear on many of the hand-embroidered metal buttons.

Metal buttons, round as bullets, flat as half-pence and half-ball or dome-shaped, will be for sale.

The new hat, styled "The Photograph," may be felt, but it cannot be heard, like Elston's.

Jet-headed passementerie ornaments are to be used on rich dresses as well as on the dressiest wraps.

Long looped bows falling in a cascade from under the long points of Vandycked corsages are very much worn.

The most fashionable arrangement of the back hair is in braids or tresses falling on the nape of the neck.

The bands and tabliers for dresses, on which printed designs are seen in Paris, are of the richest velvet, satin and silk.

Fancy and plain ribbons are both used for loops, and in some cases form a complete cascade down the front of the dress.

The straight band across the forehead is still the most fashionable style of cut and arrangement for young girls' hair.

Waistcoats and plastrons, composed entirely of jet beaded passementerie, are seen in the trimming department of A. T. Stewart & Co.

Silk novelties show jacquard effects in rich, bright colors on chameleon grounds of dark colors, changing with every light or bright one.

India and valley cashmere shawls are revived as the most appropriate wraps to be worn with the new French India cashmere costumes.

Little children, whose hair is not shingled very short, wear it long and curled in the back and banged square across the forehead and temples.

The large, long, looped bows of ribbon placed in front on the bottom of a short tablier, or at the junction of the paniers, grow more and more popular.

Oriental French cashmere is the fad for the new silk and wool dress goods, whose designs resemble the figures and colors of an India cashmere shawl.

The designs which are printed on bands and tabliers by French artists consist of flowers, fruits, birds, bees, butterflies, jewels, shells and musical instruments.

The most striking novelty in stockings is the use of the Tartan and Roman colors in horizontal stripes, sometimes being crossed to form plaid or bright lines of some contrasting color.

A new trimming material, composed of the plumage of tropical birds interwoven with golden threads, has been produced in Paris. It is exceedingly gorgeous, surpassing the richest embroidery with colored silk and gold thread.

Some of the hand-embroidered silk stockings have the leg and the bottom of the foot in dark Burgoyne, Canaque, duck's breast, blue or bright red, with the instep of white and black zebra stripes, forming chevrons with the points downward.

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be as large as it would have been under other circumstances. The affair been adulterated with too much machinery.

WEEK IN WALL STREET.
 COVER 7th, 1875, Western Union tele-
 graph stock sold at 100, the Street Yards
 exchange for 93½ per share; October 31st,
 it sold at 86½; its fluctuation of 9½ per
 cent. in 30 days; its increase of 92 per
 cent. margin of our time placed in the
 capital of \$125,000. The same stock
 closed at 86½, gave a profit of 9½ percent.
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 of 9½ percent. The same stock closed at
 86½, gave a profit of 9½ percent. On
 60 or 75 times the capital used in the
 stock. This is a single case taken from the
 many which could be given. It shows how
 much money is made as rapidly as
 possible. Few people, however, have the
 capital to put up in order to real-
 ize such profits. The same capital, how-
 ever, in any amount from \$10 to \$50,000 can
 be invested with equal success by the new
 system of operating in stocks
 and bonds. Mr. J. M. Jones, of New
 York, Messrs. have established, by this
 system of pooling thousands of orders in
 order to operate them as one system
 of buying and selling, the same capital.

per month. To a few **YEARLY**
men to sell our **CONTRACT**
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office.

